Lincoln

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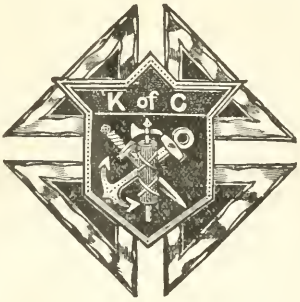

Celebration of Abraham Lincoln's Birthday

and

Second Anniversary of Institution

of

General James Shields Council No. 967 Knights of Columbus

Congress Hall, West Congress and Honore Streets,
Chicago, Ill.

Tuesday, February 12, 1907, at 8 P. M.

Address

of the

Hon. Peter S. Grosscup

Judge of U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals

on

"Abraham Lincoln"

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PROGRAMME

ADDRESS OF WELCOME - - DR. EUGENE G. CLANCY
Grand Knight, General James Shields Council

ADDRESS OF CHAIRMAN - - - ANTHONY CZARNECKI
Lecturer, General James Shields Council

VOCAL SOLO { a—Night Song—Harris
b—Absence—Wilkins

MISS ELEONORE ELLIOTT, Soprano
Piano Accompaniment, JOHN A. HEDGECOXE

READING—Edwin Markham's "Lincoln the Man of the People"
MISS JOSEPHINE MCGARRY

ADDRESS—"Abraham Lincoln" - HON. PETER S. GROSSCUP
Judge of U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals

J. B. Oakleaf.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is only two years short of a century now, since Lincoln was born. It is almost forty-two years since he died. In that time he lived the most conspicuous and the most useful life, barring, perhaps, the Father of his Country, of any secular American.

If I tried, I could only elaborate upon the beautiful sketch of him given this evening in Markham's poem, "The Man of the People"; the man who born out of the red earth; who mixed with that earth the laughter as well as the pathos of humanity; and who lived under a commission from the Almighty, that this country might at its critical period meet fully and justly its responsibilities.

He was born in Kentucky—in the little hill country in Kentucky—and he lived there until he had almost grown into young manhood. It was a wise providence that he was born among a slave-holding people. Then, as now, men were so constituted that they could not see the justice of the other man's point of view. The north particularly—the New England north—could not understand how there could be any humanity in the slave-holder, or how the slave himself could be anything else than a brutalized, unfortunate human being.

On the other hand, the slave-holder of the south looked upon the northern New Englander and northern abolitionist as an intermeddler. He could not understand how there could be such fanaticism, such narrowness, such a failure to comprehend other people's point of view, as was exhibited by Garrison and Lovejoy, and other men who represented the abolition cause.

God appointed Lincoln to be born among the slaves, and with the slave-holders, in one of the border states between the north and the south, that when the supreme moment of his life, and the supreme moment of the national life came, he might have the comprehension, not simply from the point of view of the hills of New England, but from the point of view of the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the rice fields and the cotton plantations of South Carolina and Georgia as well.

Lincoln came as a young man to Indiana, and there met that throbbing young pioneer life of Americanism that had just crossed the Alleghenies, and was plodding over the Mississippi Valley; and from Indiana he came into our own plains here of Illinois; leading until he was fifty years of age, or nearly fifty years of age, an inconspicuous life—almost an obscure life. Known by his lawyer friends as a keen, shrewd practitioner at the bar; appreciated by his party as a local leader of great shrewd-

ness and insight; but unknown to the country—not having revealed, until the great campaign between him and Douglas, the pathos in character and mastery of minds that afterwards made him the great American.

At fifty-one he was elected President of the United States, and at fifty-six was dead.

I wish, before I refer to the consequences of this great life on the moral, intellectual, and material welfare of this country—I wish, if I can, to portray some of the qualities of the man—the qualities with which he came equipped—the tools, the garments that he was given, that his leadership might not simply be supreme, but that it might be successful as well; and not simply successful in the sense of having achieved a brute success, but successful in the sense of having established his cause upon the high altitudes of universal justice; so that Lincoln to-night stands one of the great figures of the universe.

Not very long ago I found myself in California, camping among the hills of the south Nevada Range. All about me were the hills. After awhile I broke up camp and made towards the coast. The little hills, that looked great while I was at the foot of them, began to flatten out and sink; and behind them a range of mountains appeared; and I realized that in some way, the greater elevations had been obscured by the less—those that were closer to me. I moved on towards the coast. In a little while, even this range of mountains began to flatten out, and behind them, at a distance I could not measure, rose the splendid peaks, white capped, and glistening against the eastern sky One, two, three, four, five; and the further I went the smaller the hills, and the smaller the mountains, but the higher the peaks.

Lincoln along with Washington, and with a few others of the world's history, are those splendid peaks of history, glistening in the morning sunlight with the purity of his life, and looking down upon the whole world, himself one of the most conspicuous figures of the world. (Applause.)

Let us see, then, what were the qualities, what were some of the personal qualities, that made him this great figure.

In American politics, one of the great qualities is the capacity of transposing one's own ideas into the idea of the people. Sometimes we call that oratory, or public speaking. It may be oratory. It may not be oratory. Whatever it is, it is the possession of something inside, and the capacity to get it outside—into the other man's inside. We have orators who paint the skies in beautiful color. We have orators whose speeches sound like the roll of the organ. But when the colors disappear from the sky, and the roll of the organ has died out, nothing is left in the breast of the hearer except the sense of having been for the time being entertained. Lincoln was not such an orator. He had few graces

of body. His voice was high pitched; not at all sonorous. But he had the faculty of saying something that stuck in the heart. He had in his own heart the ideal, and he had the artist's capacity of transferring that ideal into other hearts.

I remember once of being in France, going to Barbizon, traveling along the highway, having forgotten almost where I was, by reason of the fact I had been in the carriage for a long while. All at once something appealed to me as belonging to me. I had never been there before; but that hay-stack, that stable, that barn, that row of poplars—all these things someway or other were mine, and as familiar as childhood—like one of those intellectual mirages you sometimes experience when you see a thing for the first time, realizing you have seen it before, either in some other instance, or as a flash of the mind in advance. Turning to the driver I said, "Where are we?" "At that stone," said he, "Millet painted the 'Gleaners.'" There in the man's breast was the ideal of the Gleaners, and here he put it on canvas; so that by merely reading the canvas the reality had become a reality to me who had never seen it before,—a familiar childhood reality, as familiar as the scenes about my childhood home. Lincoln had that faculty in oratory. He had no time to entertain. He had no time to please. He never told a story except for an effect. He was too serious, too earnest a man for that—but he had something that he wanted to impress upon the public heart, and he had the faculty of doing it.

Returning once from a meeting at Galesburg, that had been addressed by Baker of Springfield, and by Mr. Lincoln, two farmers fell into a conversation. Baker, you remember, was one of the great orators, afterwards in the Senate—appearing there on one occasion in the full uniform of a Major General, and delivering one of the most captivating of speeches at the opening of the war; then going straight out to battle where he laid down his life. These two men spoke, and the two farmers got to talking about it. Said one of the farmers to the other, "Was not that a splendid speech of Baker's? He held me just as long as he wished to hold me; I could have stayed there until morning and listened to him." "Yes," said the other farmer, "it was a splendid speech; but wasn't Old Abe a convincin' cuss?"

Lincoln had the faculty of speech that carries thought and speedy conviction; and that it is that has made all his great State papers, and all his great speeches immortal. Take the speech at Gettysburg, written on an envelope on the way between Washington and Gettysburg. At that time the great orator of the country was Edward Everett of Massachusetts. He was the orator of this occasion, dedicating this National Cemetery. Lincoln was there simply to grace the occasion as President of the United States. Everett delivered what was unquestionably a great ora-

tion, running through an hour or an hour and a half of the people's time, and then Lincoln rose and read from his envelope the speech that has become the famous Gettysburg speech. Everett's oration is lost. Nobody has ever read it. Lincoln's great speech, compressed within less than one-eighth of a column of a newspaper, is repeated every year at the decoration of the soldiers' graves; is recited from every platform in every school house; and I saw it at the University at Oxford, in the Library there, framed; and when I said to the man who was conducting me through, "Why have you framed this speech of Lincoln's, and hung it on the walls?" his answer was: "To illustrate what can be done in the English tongue."

Here was a man who grew up, out of the red soil; who had never had nine months' education in his life; who studied law on the wood-pile; whose whole life was one of sacrifice; not only the first president, not only the first statesman, not only the first figure in his country's history; but rapidly, as the years go by, becoming the first orator of America; the one to whom not only the American people but the nations of the world turn, as an example of what can be done in the tongue that his people speaks. Such was Lincoln, the Orator.

Lincoln, the Statesman—the politician statesman—not a statesman who spent all his energies in saying things, and doing nothing; in calling upon people to do things and then not organizing them in any way that would effectually bring about their doing; but a politician statesman. I remember, when I was a boy, of watching a little old mill in my country town, at the side of my country town. The stream came down in the spring, turbulent and deep—a fully developed stream of water; and all summer long, a stream large enough for the boys to use for bathing and swimming, but apparently good for nothing else. But diverted from this stream, among the trees, and down between two hills, ran a little canal or race course; and the water it carried was not much larger than the breadth of my body. But that water went over the wheel; and in going over the wheel, it turned a mill; and only after having turned the mill did it rejoin the stream below. Lincoln believed in the public opinion that goes over the wheel. He believed that public opinion, when rightly set upon its track, will overcome all obstacles. He believed that in the end, public opinion was bound to be right, and it is. But he believed in the public opinion, that diverted out of ordinary channels runs over the wheels of politics—the public opinion that goes to primaries, the public opinion that expresses itself in elections, the public opinion that allies itself with organization, the public opinion that does something to put public opinion into effect. They called him Lincoln, the politician; and he remained to the end of his days, Lincoln, the politician. But, in being Lin-

coln, the politician, he was Lincoln, the Statesman; for no man can lead the great army of citizenship unless he stays with the army; unless he knows the rank and file out of which it is constructed; and when that army starts to cross the stream the leader must not be already on the other side of the stream; but on the same side, one step in advance, one step forward, waiting there patiently, if necessary; but waiting there until the column has come up. And thus it happened that Lincoln was often denounced for being too slow; that people grew impatient with him for not taking steps more rapidly in a direction that that far-seeing man knew eventually he would have to pursue. But he sat silently, no matter what they had to say, waiting for the people to come up; waiting for public sentiment to come up; getting public sentiment behind him before he took the next step forward. That was Lincoln, the Statesman; Lincoln, the Politician.

Then there was Lincoln the Man. It is hard to get an adequate conception of Lincoln, the Man. There are so many sides to the picture; so many colors have been thrown in by those who knew him, and those who have described him, that what you might call a particular dominating quality is hard to catch. And yet, I believe that if you were to take it all apart, in search of that which dominates all else—that which gave to his character as a man more prominence and more effectiveness than anything else—it would be found to be, first of all, his love of justice—his love of your having just the right in the world that he had; his love of the little man having just as much right as the great man, and the great man as much right as the little man; supplemented by his belief that behind this justice was the great moral truth called God—the great personal Being in whose hands the universe swings. It was this love of justice—of justice emanating from God—that dominated him clear through his splendid career.

I remember a friend of mine, Mr. Leonard Swett, telling me this very interesting incident. Mr. Swett was a practitioner here in Illinois whom Mr. Lincoln trusted as a friend. One day Mr. Swett received a telegram saying, "Come to Washington immediately," signed by Mr. Lincoln. He took the first train, which at that time required that he should be two nights and a day on the road, arriving in Washington on the second morning. So urgent seemed the telegram that before going to a hotel to change his clothing or get breakfast, he went up to the White House, where he found Mr. Lincoln just finishing his toilet. He met him in the Cabinet room looking out over the Potomac; down over the green sward; down the glancing waters to the river; down the river to where Mount Vernon looms up; and they stood at the window for a moment, while Mr. Lincoln asked

about his Illinois friends, and about some other affairs that he was naturally interested in as a citizen of Illinois. Then Lincoln turned and sat down at a cabinet, and pulled out a drawer, from which he took a letter (Mr. Swett meantime taking a chair by his side), saying, "Here's a letter I want to read to you." It turned out to be a letter from William Lloyd Garrison of Boston. It was right in the midst of that awful Civil War. Lincoln had just called for 600,000 troops, and there were evidences all over the north that the quotas would not be filled by volunteers—that there would have to be drafting. Everywhere the spirit of dissatisfaction and discontent and discouragement had grown up. Mr. Garrison, in his letter, referred to that fact, and said in substance: You will never be able to fill this call; the people are as wise as you, and the people know that whatever else you may say, or whatever else you politicians may think, the real cause for this war is slavery, and the real outcome must be the freedom of the slaves; and until you in some way enroll yourself on the side of freedom, either by issuing an emancipation proclamation, or promising you will issue some such proclamation, the north is going to stand back discouraged and disheartened. Having read that letter, Lincoln laid it aside. "Now," he said. "Here is another." It turned out to be from Garrett Davis of Kentucky, who at that time was in the Senate from Kentucky, a border state union democrat; and the purport of that letter was this: You came to Washington saying that your purpose, and the purpose of the party behind you, was to restore the union. You have said all along that you had no complaints against slavery—that you proposed to let that institution alone in the states where that institution had become established. If you do that all is well. But if you do one thing, or say one word, by which the people of the border states, Kentucky and Maryland, and Missouri, and Tennessee, that are now contributing as many soldiers to the union forces as to the confederate forces, lose confidence that what you have said was meant—if you say one word that leads them to think that you were not sincere in the beginning—that the purpose of this war, after all, is abolition—they will fall away from you; and then, with the whole south on one side and a divided north on the other, the restoration of the union will become an impossible accomplishment.

Having read that, he laid it aside, and took out another. It was from the President of the Swiss Federation of Cantons, a well-known man in public life in Europe at that time. This letter called Mr. Lincoln's attention to a report spread over Europe, that there was something to be done in the way of abolition of slavery; that a proclamation was to be made up on that line, or something of that sort; and continued, "I want to call your attention to a feature of this, that perhaps you Americans have

not fully appreciated, and that is this: That while public England and public France and public Germany are on the side of the north, official England and official France, and official Germany are on the side of the south. Your only friend over here in official life is Russia. And England and France are simply waiting for a pretext upon which to make a move for intervention in behalf of the south." Such intervention, for instance, as we accomplished later in the war between Cuba and Spain. "Now," said this writer, "it has been the edict of international law from the Greeks and Romans that the turning of the slave against his master was barbarous and unlawful. We fear that an Emancipation, whether interpreted correctly or not by public England and public France, will be used by official England and France as a hint that the slave will take arms against his master, and will thus furnish the pretext upon which intervention will come." Then leaning back in his chair Lincoln went over the whole situation, pro and con, stating it better from Garrison's point of view than Garrison had stated it himself; stating it from Davis' point of view better than Davis had stated it himself; stating it better from the Swiss President's point of view better than the Swiss statesman had stated it himself—understanding it all to the end; and having come to no further conclusion that Mr. Swett could make out, laid back the papers, and inquired when Swett was to return to Illinois; and at that point the interview broke up.

Why that interview? Because Mr. Lincoln had the habit that all just men have of testing his judgment before acting upon it. At that moment the Emancipation Proclamation was written and in one of the cabinet drawers. Within a few days it appeared. But before this intended step was actually taken—before this step that meant disaster or success; possibly, disaster where one looked for success, and success where one looked for disaster—before the final seal was put upon that document Lincoln wished to discuss it with another mind; not to get the judgment of the other mind, but to clear up his own judgment; to satisfy himself, by putting once and for all his judgment into words before this friend of his youth and this friend of his manhood. It was because he was a just man that he could do nothing when justice was not fully tested. He could have sent out that Proclamation without this final scrutiny; but he had, as a great many men before him have had, and as a great many men after him have had, that conscientiousness of judgment, that sense of responsibility to a higher Being for the responsibilities his fellow citizens had conferred on him, that made it impossible for him to act until he had exhausted every resource. And this was the man, with these qualities, who came forward at this critical period as the representative of the American nation.

Now, in ordinary historical review, we look upon slavery as the thing that caused the war; and we look upon the emancipation of the slave as the chief event of the war. But I do not believe that that will be the final judgment of history.

The slavery question, indeed, was a mere incident, a little thing on the great current, conspicuous it is true—so conspicuous that no one at the time saw anything else—but the great underlying thing at that time, the great thing as events afterwards disclosed to us, was the growing, the maturing, the bursting nationality of this people that the world calls the Americans.

I remember when I was a boy, back in the Civil War, a little fellow with my brother playing in a hollow back of our house. I would sometimes hear a low rumbling along the horizon, and the inquiry would come to me: Is it thunder, or is it a railroad train away off at a distant town? And if thunder, there would be excited the most lively apprehensions. We regarded the lightning, at that time, not as a friend of man, but as his enemy; not as something mankind would make use of, but something mankind must escape from, and dodge, and run away from. But since that time the lightning has become the friend of man. Its lights you utilize; it moves your street cars; it is beginning to move your railroad trains. Through it you call up your friend a thousand miles away, and his heart and yours beat as one. Under the sea it carries messages of life. It has bound us so closely together that Chicago and New York at the present time are as closely interwoven as New York and Brooklyn were in the fifties; and San Francisco is as close to Chicago as Jersey City was to New York in the fifties. This whole teeming activity. American industry, American invention, American transportation—everything that makes up American activity—was coming before the war to a crisis—a crisis that required that it should be met; required that there should be built up among the people, that there should grow into the life of the people, a strong national sentiment.

Then, too, the government required the spirit of nationality. The government as a government required it. We were coming to a time—we didn't see it then, but we see it now—when the central government had to have power that it never had before. The country's railroads then were little roads running from one town to another. Now, they are great trunk continental lines, that instead of remaining in the control of the State, had to come into the grasp of the whole people. Government was compelled to expand. There had to be a growing nationality here as elsewhere.

Then there was the necessity of a growing nationality in life, liberty and property. I do not mean the liberty of the slave, which is a mere incident, but the liberty of the man, without

which life is worth nothing; without which property is worth nothing—the liberty of the individual man.

A few years ago I was up in the Lake Superior country. One night, after my fellows had all gone to their tents, I took the boat, and cutting loose from the party, drifted out into the Great Lake, drifting further and further until even the lights disappeared, and I was out there all alone.

I looked up, and above me were the splendid constellations, fleets of ships sailing into ports I knew not where; but sailing under a guidance that has been so accurate, that in all history no clash has ever been reported. I looked below me, the water was placid as a mirror, so that the constellations were reflected in the water below. When I looked up, I was looking into the depths of a fathomless universe, filled with the moving ships of God's fleets, and when I looked down I was looking again into the fathomless depths of the same universe. And for the moment I trembled not. I, a little fisherman, was in the center of the great sphere; and for a moment I felt, as every one would feel, the inconsequence compared with all this of a single life, of an individual life, of the life of a man clothed in this kind of clay. But then I remembered that it was a man like myself, who had marked out the orbits of these fleets, who had charted their ways, and who for a thousand years to come can tell where they will be when that thousand years has passed; and I remembered, too, that it was my own eyes, these lens put into my own face, acting as glasses for something behind them, that caught into vision these fleets thousands of millions of miles away; and then I reflected, that in my own heart was the photographic process that mirrored them—mirrored their sublimity, their greatness on the human soul; and then I said: After all, the little lone fisherman in the center of this universe, is not out of place. It belongs to him; the universe belongs to man; God made it for man; made it for the individual man. And it is on a conception like that that we get some conception of what individual liberty means, and what the right of individual conscience is, without which all other things are worthless; because, in the end, except for the existence of human souls, this whole universe could be crushed into dust, thrown away, and nothing would have been lost. (Applause.) Individual liberty; the right of individual life; individual labor, and individual property—these are the things for which all the battles of civilization have been fought. The individual against his fellows; the single man against everybody else; the right of the individual man to his life—it is that that constitutes the trophy, the crowning success of civilization.

Perhaps the greatest lasting thing that the civil war did was to nationalize Life, Liberty and Property. Before the fourteenth amendment to the federal constitution, life, liberty, and property

were within the power of the eight and thirty states. By that amendment they were put within the protecting shield of the nation. Henceforth the right to life, the right to liberty, and the right to property, were national interests. When we look across the Atlantic to what is transpiring in France to-day, in relation to the church properties created by the Catholics of France, the value of this, our great national guaranty against absolutism and spoliation, stands out one of the mighty bulwarks of American institutions.

What is happening in France? The Catholics of France through centuries built the churches of France, splendid, noble, beautiful edifices. I never go there that I am not more impressed with what man has built in his reverence of God than for anything that he has put up in honor of men—the beautiful Madelaine, a bride's face looking out through the bridal veil—the splendid Notre Dame. Will I ever forget an afternoon that I happened into Notre Dame when the funeral of an Archbishop or Cardinal or one of the high officials of the Catholic Church was in its midst; when the great organ at one end of the Cathedral and the great organ at the other were throwing back and forward the strains of their lamentations, broken in now and then with the chimes from the dome; a symphony so sublime that I felt that great as the dead's life had been in the world it must be immensely greater in the atmosphere in which it was caught up and was being translated heavenwards. (Applause.)

For centuries the Catholics of France had been building their churches and their other institutions. Like the little Lutheran church building in which I was confirmed—like the Protestant church buildings to which the majority of Americans are attached—these edifices became, humanly speaking, the property of their human creators. By every law of nature and of right they should have remained the property of their creators. But in the frenzy of the revolution of 1789 they were seized by the mob; and because the mob at that time was the government of France, what had been built by religion was confiscated to the state. No historian of standing, no jurist of standing has ever attempted, on any principle of honor or morals, to defend this act. It was an act of sheer brute force—the taking by sheer force, and without compensation, of things created from their creators, and turning them over to the state. No socialist of the most radical type has ever outstripped in speech what the mob of the revolution accomplished in deed.

For twelve years the situation thus stood—the forcible retention by the state of that which did not belong to the state. Then Napoleon, alive to the fact that a religion in France was needed as well as French armies, and that the weakness of his government in the eye of the world was the spoliation on which it was

founded, set about to undo the wrong. The Concordat of 1801 was the result. The Concordat was a compromise. It did not restore to the Catholics of France the property that belonged to them; rightful as such restoration would have been, it probably was beyond the power of Napoleon to accomplish. But what was accepted as an equivalent was agreed upon—the assumption by the state of a part of the burdens of the church. And as a contract to that end the Concordat has stood now for over a hundred years.

It is from this settlement—this contract between the authorities of the state and the authorities of the church that has stood for a century—that the state now withdraws; withdraws, too, without a pretense of restoring to the other party the right of property that the contract that is abrogated was intended to replace. A withdrawal under such circumstances is nothing less than repudiation. True, as some of the apologists for the act of separation say, the Concordat by its terms was not perpetual; but assuming that that fact gives to the state the right of withdrawal, it does not excuse the duty, when the supposed right of withdrawal is exercised, of at least restoring that for which the contract was intended as the equivalent. Could the state the next day after the contract was signed, or a year thereafter, or ten years thereafter, still keeping its grasp on the property taken, have withdrawn without guilt of repudiation? Why then in ten times ten years? For it is not the lapse of time, however long, that gives the right to withdraw. The sole basis of that right, whenever exercised, would be the restoration to the party of what had been originally taken—what we call in law the restoration of the statu quo.

True, too, as the apologists say, the state has had now the legal title to these properties for a century. But by what code of morals or justice does the possession of title for a period, however long, accompanied by a burden settled upon it as a part of the consideration upon which the title was surrendered, entitle the party to throw off at will the burden while holding fast to the title? Besides, there is no principle, either in morals or in public law, that makes that right which originally was wrong. No plea of that character can stand for an instant in the court of public conscience.

But again it is said that the repeal of the Concordat is only putting into effect in France the principle of separation between church and state that prevails in America. But what is there in the American principle that deprives the church of the right to hold the property that the church has from time to time, or that justifies the taking by the public of that property without full compensation for the thing taken? Indeed, the American principle contemplates that the churches shall hold their own property, to

be used according to their own interpretations of their religious duties; and it prohibits the state, by the solemnity of constitutional guaranties, from taking any property, either church or secular, except upon full compensation first made.

As a final apology it is said, that the act of separation still preserves to the people who reside in the vicinity of the individual churches taken, the continued enjoyment of such churches as houses of worship—that all that these several communities have to do is to apply to the state for permission to use the church buildings, whereupon permission will be granted, as a matter of course, without charge. But do the people who offer this argument realize that under the French law, as it now stands, three, five, a score of associations may be formed in the specific community surrounding the church edifice asked for—Catholic, Hebrew, Methodist, Mohammedan—whereupon each will be entitled to the use of the edifice, transforming it thus from a place consecrated to some concrete faith, into a sort of town hall, where every character of faith will be housed. What would the Methodists, or the Lutherans, or the Jews, each perfectly tolerant of the Catholic church as an organ of religion, think of it if our government were to compel them to stretch that toleration to the extent of dividing with that church the rights in the church edifices erected with their own hands and dedicated to their own faith? Besides, what assurances have the Catholics of France that a public that will seize, without right, what belongs to another, and withdrawing without right from the arrangement under which that seizure for a century was condoned, will observe any later or less substantial promises that it will make? What assurance have the Catholics of France that step by step, as it is now going on, this process of elimination will not result in the end in the total elimination of the Catholic faith from the properties that their ancestors have created?

Indeed every attempt at justifying these acts of the French government dissolves the moment it is put under the lens of any honest application of the axioms of law or morals—dissolves instantly one applies to it that highest test of fair judgment, "Have you done unto others what you would have them do unto you?" And it is then that the defender of the French government falls back upon the assertion, that after all, the Concordat was not a settlement, but was merely an arrangement for governmental voluntary contributions to the church—contributions that the state may continue or discontinue at will. But argument like that is bad as its predecessors, for it tries to make us believe that an untruth is the truth. The seizure of the churches at the beginning of the revolution, and the Concordat at the end, are not separate items in French history, unrelated to each other. On the other hand, they are two events closely related, standing to each

other in the relation of cause and effect; for without the unlawful seizures the Concordat would never have been brought into existence, and without the Concordat the church would eventually have found some other way to retrieve the wrong done. Napoleon was not making a contribution. He was righting the wrong. He needed the church to help govern France, and the Concordat was his token that the church was not to be despoiled. He needed to show the world that he was not for overturning the well established institutions of mankind; justice to the church that had been robbed was the best evidence of his good faith. In every honest view of history it was a settlement that these parties entered upon in 1801, not a surrender—a settlement that had the intended offer of forestalling the church from appealing on that day, or at some later day, to the conscience of France for the justice that the conscience of France was bound some day to do.

It is not as a Catholic, therefore, or a Protestant speaking to Catholics, that I chose to raise my voice, for whatever my voice is worth, against this invasion of the rights of the church; nor as a Protestant merely interested in seeing that the great sister church is not despoiled. I speak as a Protestant, and in the interest of Protestants; because if such things could be done outside of France, the great Protestant church to which I belong, secure now in the enjoyment of the property it has created, as the human instrument through which it is working out its faith, would be no longer secure. I speak, too, as an American, who though irrevocably opposed to a church controlled state, is as irrevocably opposed to a state controlled religion. I speak as a man to whom breach of faith is none the less odious because it may emerge from high altitudes. And I speak as a believer, who sees in what is transpiring in France an organized movement against belief in God after any faith.

I speak, too, as a liberty loving American, who stands in favor of individual liberty. When the situation in France is clearly understood by the American people, there will be no apologies for that act of vandalism that can stand. Republican America will be against it; Protestant America will be against it; liberty loving America will be against it; all the forces that have made us great will be against it; everything that has made this nation what it is will be against it. Lincoln and Washington, looking down from the upper skies, would raise their voices against it.

It was in behalf of life, liberty and property, as well as of the liberty of the slave, and the liberty of the commonwealth that Lincoln fought his great fight; and when I think of him tonight, as rested on God for his support, there comes into my heart the hopefulness and the benediction that is the salvation of mankind.

I am a believer. But like all human beings, there have come to me days of doubt—days when the lights were not as bright as

on other days; when the candles were burning down. I have looked sometimes to the eastward, out of which my life came up along with the sun, and though I knew beyond the fog that marked the beginning of my life, thirty, forty or fifty years ago, all the past lay it was not a past that seemed to be my past. My individual past ran back only to the fog. And when I looked toward the west where my life will eventually set, there again, ten, fifteen or twenty years from now, another fog arose. I knew, of course, that beyond that fog was all the future—a mighty future—but was not the fog the end of my personal existence? Alas, my life! It began in a fog; it ends in a fog. But then, lifting my eyes over the fog in the east, away in the furthermost corners of the universe, I see the constellations; and lifting my eyes over this fog in the west, away in the uttermost corners of the universe, I see again other constellations; and between them the millions of constellations, held together by a divine law, that makes them move as though they were ships on the seas; and I know that my life does not begin with the fog and that it does not end with the fog; that my life begins with the furthest constellation, and ends not until the end of time is reached; that I am a part of this great universe; and that whether I live a little part or a great part, a higher part or a deeper part, what I am doing has been commissioned to me from the throne of the universe. And under such a faith I live without fear that in some way all things will come out right. They will come out right in France. The revolution against the throne of Louis XVI. succeeded; revolutions against other human thrones have succeeded. But there never will come a time when a revolution against the throne of God can have success. (Applause, loud and long continued.)

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